

The Historie of

Moore-ditch?

Fals. Thou hast the most vnfauory similes, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascaldest sweete yong Prince, But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well: for Wisedome cries out in the streetes, and no man regardes it.

Fals. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*; God forgine thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

Prince. Where shall we take a Purse to morrow, *Iacke*?

Fals. Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me Villaine, and Baffell me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from Praying, to Purse taking.

Fals. Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Paines.

Paines. Now shall we know if Gads hill haue set amatch: O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned*.

Paines. Good morrow sweet *Hall*. What sayes Monsieur Remorse? What sayes sir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, *Iacke*? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule, that thou souldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir *Iohn* stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his bargain, for he was neuer yet a breaker of Prouerbes: he will giue the Diuell his due.

Paines.

Henry the

Paines. Then art thou da
the diuell.

Prince. Else he had bin dan

Poy. But my lads, my lads,
clocke early at Gads hil, ther
ry with rich offerings, and tr
purses. I haue yizards for y
selues: Gads-hil lies to night
per to morrow night in East
sleepe: if you will go, I will
if you will not, tarry at home

Fals. Heare ye Yedward,
hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fals. Hal, wilt thou make

Prince. Who, I rob? Iathe

Fals. Thers neither hone
ship in thee, nor thou came
darest not stand for ten shilli

Prince. Well then once in

Fals. Why thats well said

Prin. Well, come what w

Fals. By the Lord Ile be a

Prin. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee l
lay him downe such reasons

Fals. Wel, God giue thee
eares of profiting, that what
he heares may be beleueed, th
tion sake) proue a false theef
want countenance: farewell

Prin. Farewel the latter sp

Poy. Now my good swee
row. I haue a ieast to execu
Falstafffe, *Harney*, *Rosill*, and
we haue already way-laid;
and when they haue the boe
cut this head from my shou